THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1816.

THE MARCHIONESS OF HERTFORD.

WHEN we take a retrospect of the series of years we have been engaged in recording biographical anecdotes of distinguished females, it is a most gratifying consideration, that, in such a length of time, we have never been without a subject deserving the notice of the historian; so eminent and conspicuous are our fair countrywomen for their personal charms, mental acquirements, and domestic virtues. The numerous portraits and memoirs which add worth to the pages of our Museum, must, ad infinitum, prove the justness and truth of this remark, and the noble subject of our present memoir will further corroborate the assertion.

The Marchioness of Hertford, was the Honourable Miss Isabella Anne Ingram, daughter and co-heir of Charles Ingram, Viscount Irwin, who dying in 1782, without male issue, the title then became extinct.* Her ladyship was

^{*} Lord Irwin was appointed groom of the bed-chamber to his present Majesty on the first establishment of his household. His lordship married Frances, daughter of Samuel Shepheard, of Exning in the County of Suffolk, Esquire, and had issue five daughters, viz.

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born June 10th, 1759, and married Francis Ingram* Seymour Conway, Marquis and Earl of Hertford, (Earl of Yarmouth, Viscount Beauchamp, Lord Conway, Baron of Ragley, and Baron Conway of Killultagh in Ireland, K. G. and F.A.S.) May 20th, 1776, and has issue one Son, Francis Charles, Earl of Yarmouth, born March 11th, 1777, who married, May 18th, 1798, Miss Fagniani, and has issue, Frances Maria, born February 2d, 1799, and Richard, Viscount Beauchamp, born February 23d, 1800, who are residuary legatees to the vast property of William, fourth and late Duke of Queensberry.

The Marchioness of Hertford inherited from her father considerable personal property, and by nature was endowed with much personal beauty, which, with uncommon mental acquirements, have ever rendered her the ornament and admiration of the higher circles of society, where her birth and alliance entitle her to associate.—The Royal Family, in particular, have always shewn great favour and partiality to the Marchioness of Hertford, and the confidence and honours

Isabella Anne (the subject of our present memoir) born June 10th, 1759.

^{2.} Frances, born July 12th, 1761, married March 1st, 1781, Lord William Gordon, next brother to Alexander, Duke of Gordon, K. T. and has issue one daughter, Frances Isabella Kerr. To Lady William Gordon, the late Duke of Queensberry left a considerable legacy.

^{3.} Elizabeth, born September 19th, 1762, married August 2d, 1782, Hugo Meynell, Esquire, second son of Hugo Meynell, of Bradley, in the county of Derbyshire, Esquire.

^{4.} Harriet, born April 16th, 1765, married July 7th, 1787, Sir John Ramsden, Bart. And,

^{5.} Louisa Susannah, born June 30th, 1766, married September 16th, 1789, Colonel Henry Harvey Aston, who was unfortunately killed in a duel with Major Allan, at Madras, December 23d, 1798, and his lady died June 15th, 1815.

^{*} The Marquis took the name of Ingram in consequence of this union.

bestowed on the Marquis and the Earl of Yarmouth,* have been, we presume, in a great measure, the consequences of the Marchioness's influence. It is pleasing to record, after a matrimonial union of forty years, that the domestic felicity of Lord and Lady Hertford continues unimpaired; and the same cordiality and esteem still exists, which have ever marked the noble family as worthy of emulation.

May they long continue to enjoy their worldly happiness, not only for their own comfort and satisfaction, but also for the comfort and advantages which indigent merit, and the suffering poor, continually derive from their patronage and bounty. Their extensive charities, particularly in their own immediate neighbourhoods of Ragley, in Warwickshire, and Sudbourn Hall, in Suffolk, are such as endear them to all classes of society.

The Marchioness is in her person, although tending to the embonpoint, at once graceful and elegant, her manners are uncommonly fascinating, and notwithstanding she has passed, what is usually called, the meridian of life, being now in the fifty-eighth year of her age, it must be confessed, that her ladyship still possesses the charms of attraction, very superior to many of greater juvenility.—Yet,

" Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue."

And,

"Nihil est tam volucre quam maledictum; nihil facilius emittitur, nihil citius excipitur, nihil latius dissipatatur." CICERO.

"Nothing is so swift in its progress as calumny; nothing is more readily received, and nothing can be more widely spread abroad."

Or, as our poet has it,

"On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly."

^{*} The Marquis of Hertford is Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, and lately (on the decease of the Earl of Warwick) was appointed by the Prince Regent, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Warwick. The Earl of Yarmouth is Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Steward of the Duchy in Devon and Cornwall.

WIFE AND NO WIFE;

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 18).

Mr. Stephenson received him with kindness, but never made any allusion to the past, and, unwilling to revive unpleasant recollections, George again took his station in the counting-house with the same diffidence and humility as if he had been a perfect stranger. But though Stephenson was reserved in his behaviour towards George, he was not an inattentive observer of his conduct and deportment, and was pleased to find that he neither presumed upon past favours, nor displayed a parade of penitence which must have led to the frequent discussion of a disagreeable subject.

Things remained in this state nearly two years, during which period, Darlington had not once seen Rosalie; for as Mr. Stephenson invariably made it a rule to mention with apparent carelessness, whenever his daughter was engaged to any place of public amusement, to which indeed she never went unless accompanied by him, Darlington readily took the implied hint that he was not to throw himself in her way. This prudent and honourable behaviour gave visible satisfaction to Mr. Stephenson, who gradually threw off the reserve he had at first adopted, and again treated George with the familiarity of friendship and the cordiality of esteem.

Intelligence, at length, reached Darlington that the unfortunate Philippa was no more; she had died in giving birth to a female child, and his presence was deemed absolutely necessary to arrange matters relative to her funeral, and the means of conveying the child over to Cadiz, as it had been Philippa's dying request that her father's mandate should be complied with.

George lost no time in obeying this summons, a nurse was

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the year con: easily provided, who was willing to undertake the voyage for a reasonable consideration; and Darlington, thus released from a tie that he must have found burthensome, felt only a transient emotion as he pressed it to his bosom, and then, with a tear of regret to the memory of its hapless erring mother, consigned it to the woman, who promised to take the tenderest care of her infant charge. The conduct of George in this instance, may be condemned as unnatural and unfeeling, but it was that of many under similar circumstances; and perhaps, situated as he was, it admitted of some justification; and if it does not tend to make him appear in so amiable a point of view as may be desired in the hero of a tale, it certainly affords a just, but lamentable, lesson to that sex whose weakness induces them to sacrifice peace, virtue, and fame, in the expectation of securing that love, which, without respect and esteem, can never be permanent in its effects, or happy in its consequences. No man can take pleasure in the presence of an object whose existence reminds him of his own guilt, and the frailty of her who gave it being. The tender feelings of a parent are repressed, or stifled by the sense of shame, and he feels himself acquitted of injustice, if he neither abandons it to misery and want, nor beholds it with disgust; a mere sufferance is all it generally obtains, and the penalty of guilt is attached to the innocent offspring of indiscretion.

It is needless, perhaps, to say, that George soon looked forward to brighter prospects; he solicited and obtained permission to visit Rosalie, to assure her of his fervent unaltered love, and to implore her forgiveness of the past. His concessions were favourably received, Rosalie was too tender, too confiding, to cherish resentment, and with the sanction of her father she became the wife of Darlington, who was immediately made a partner in the concern, and at the death of old Stephenson, which happened about three years after this event, the whole of a lucrative business, and a considerable fortune, became entirely his own.

CHAP. II.

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Such was the narrative which Miss Darlington transmitted to her friend, and she deemed the contents a sufficient justification of the prejudice she entertained against that sex on whom women are in general too prone to place their chief dependance for happiness; a prejudice which had been first nourished by the injudicious conduct of her mother-inlaw, who, with all her excellent qualities, was of a most romantic turn; and not only indulged herself, but also encouraged Virginia, in the perusal of those fascinating, but delusive works, which dress singularity in the most alluring garb, and not only delight the imagination, but betray the Highly gifted by nature, both in person and understanding, Miss Darlington, but for this unfortunate bias, would have been a model of female perfection; her education had been such as to afford her the means of attaining every elegant accomplishment, and these she acquired with a facility that evinced an equal share of talent and taste; her disposition was amiably endearing, her heart the pure seat of virtue and benevolence, but the partial exultation of a fond father, and the unguarded praises of Mrs. Darlington, had made her rather too sensible of her own endowments, and evident superiority over most girls of her own age. Impressed with this conviction, her ideas and manners acquired a certain singularity, of which none could foresee the consequences until this singularity assumed the decided air of self-conceit. Virginia, an apt pupil in the school of romance, determined on becoming a heroine, and fancy for a considerable time fluctuated between a variety of brilliant and eccentric characters, before a prototype was found sufficiently consistent for her to adopt. By turns she was the Corinna, the Ida, the Isadora of the day, for all these famed heroines were women of exalted talents, of transcendent beauty, and exquisite sensibility.

Some sententious moralists had indeed dared to condemn these extravagant flights of imagination, yet Virginia cared little for the phlegmatic reasoning of these sober souls, who felt not the intoxicating delight of enthusiasm; and though any defalcation from virtue would have disgusted her in reality, the lapses of some of these heroines were so happily veiled by sophistry and sentiments, that she could not perceive error where there was no actual crime, nor admit, that a woman could not be strictly virtuous who suffered the impression of an illicit attachment to find admittance into her bosom, even although her conduct was regulated by the strictest propriety.

During the life-time of her father, Virginia had frequent opportunities of observing, that, although Mrs. Darlington and he lived in apparent harmony together, and coincided in opinion on most subjects of a domestic nature, there was not that warmth of affection subsisting between them as ber ardent imagination induced her to think essential to the happiness of the married state. She knew not then the peculiar circumstances under which they had been united, nor that Emily had, like herself, formed erroneous opinions on a subject of the utmost importance to the welfare of woman. She perceived that Mrs. Darlington, though she treated her husband with respect and consideration before witnesses, preserved a manifest superiority over him in private, and conceded in no one point her opinion to his; while, on the other hand, Darlington appeared to submit reluctantly to a yoke so oppressive, and occasionally sighed for those tender assiduities, and that gentle submission which he had once experienced, and of which he had not then duly appreciated the value. From these observations, Virginia drew the conclusion, just indeed, but unpleasant to an independent selfwilled mind, that men were not satisfied with any thing short of abject submission; and she dreaded, even at a very early age, the chance of her imposing on herself shackles which she felt she could not submit to.

The subsequent illness and death of her father, for a time,

so completely engrossed her ideas, and filled her with so much sincere affliction, that she suffered her airy flights of imagination to sink into sober reality, and in supporting, comforting, and endeavouring to divert the sorrowing widow, the native goodness of her heart shone conspicuous.

Mrs. Darlington, as is usual in such cases, no sooner experienced the loss of a husband she sincerely loved, though a blameable excess of false pride had sometimes induced her to conceal her real sentiments beneath the mask of indifference, than she feelingly accused herself of that error which she had once blindly indulged in, and now vainly endeavoured to impress Virginia with a corresponding sentiment; but Miss Darlington was not to be convinced by the self-accusing feelings of one who now was depressed by temporary affliction; she adhered tenaciously to the opinion which she had first imbibed, and persisted in asserting that her mother-in-law had acted from the conviction of propriety, and now only yielded because concession could not operate to her disadvantage.

Darlington, after having secured to his wife a liberal maintenance, bequeathed the remainder of his property to Virginia, without any restrictions in regard to her marriage, and left her at liberty to reside either with Mrs. Darlington. or the gentleman whom he appointed her guardian, until she came of age, she being at that time barely eighteen. This gentleman was Sir Philip Angerstein, to whose friendly exertions he had owed his recently flourishing circumstances. and whose only son had, for some time, been Virginia's professed admirer. Mr. Darlington had been rather solicitous for the match, but forbore to press his daughter on the subject, until he could ascertain her sentiments; but Virginia was so guarded on this point, that it was impossible to draw any conclusions, and, even when solicited on that head by the young man himself, she so skilfully evaded coming to an explanation, by pleading her extreme youth, that the timid lover thought it most prudent to yield the point, and trust the event to time and unremitting assiduity

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on his side. Still Virginia permitted his attentions, and seemed to take pleasure in his society; but at her father's death, she positively refused to reside in her guardian's house, and, to the surprise of all her friends, forbade young Angerstein from visiting her in future.

(To be continued.)

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

LADY Hester Stanhope, who belongs to one of the first families in England, merits a place among the most celebrated and intrepid travellers of the present age. After the death of her uncle, Mr. Pitt, Lady Hester formed the project of travelling to the Levant. She repaired to Malta, and from thence proceeded to Constantinople. Wishing afterwards to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, she sailed for the Holy Land, but had the misfortune to be shipwrecked off the Isle of Rhodes. Cast on a barren rock, she seemed to be destined to perish of hunger; but an English ship, which appeared on the following day, took her on board, and conveyed her to Syria. There she travelled in all directions, accompanied by Mr. Bruce, who has just been tried for the part he took in the escape of Lavalette. She spent several years wandering among the ruins of Palmyra and Hieropolis. and exploring the valleys of Mount Lebanon. Living for whole months on rice and water, and accustomed to the frugality of oriental habits, from being feeble and debilitated, she became a strong and vigorous Amazon. According to letters, which she has addressed to her family in England, she is now at the head of three tribes of Badouin Arabs, who regard her as a being of superior order. She has had several children, whom she was fond of, brought to her from England; and she declares, that she will never forsake that Land of the Sun to breathe the humid and cloudy atmosphere of Great Britain.—From a French Paper.

THULEAN FRAGMENTS.

OLIVER AND ISABELLA.

It was a gloomy night in the month of November; the rain fell in torrents, and the spirit of the rising storm shrieked over the troubled waters of the deep. At the door of a mudwalled cottage, in one of the Thulean isles, stood a maid, of low degree, but lovely as the first dream of youthful love, and chaste as the dew-drops of morning. "When, O when," she exclaimed, in the tremulous voice of sorrow, "when will my father and Oliver return?—long have I listened for the sound of their footsteps on the lonely moor, long have I watched for the beams of the rising moon.-Arise, O thou lovely light! and guide the stops of Isabella to her father and her friend. Alas! they lie in the cheerless cave of the rock, or wander sorrowfully on the shore, drenched by the rain, and wet by the salt spray of the ocean. Cruel, O hard hearted men! by what right do you force from us our fathers and our brothers, our dearest friends and protectors? Can you be husbands, can you be fathers, yet insensible to the anguish of a wife, to the despair of a mother?"

Isabella was the eldest of the blooming family of the hardy Bruce, and the betrothed of the young and worthy Oliver. Their wedding day was fixed, when a tender anchored in Brassa Sound, and the press-grang spread terror, anguish, and dismay through the Thulean isles. The men betook themselves to unfrequented places in the mountains, or hid themselves in the bleak and humid caverns of the sea shore; and were sometimes in danger of perishing of cold and hunger before their affectionate and anxious relations could discover the places of their retreat. Many, in the prime of their youth and strength, contracted diseases which quickly carried them to an early grave; leaving aged mothers, distracted wives, unprotected sisters, and helpless orphans,

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in misery and poverty, to bewail their loss. With such terror and detestation is the impressing of men for his Majesty's service regarded by the Zetlanders! though none of his subjects make abler or better seamen when they voluntarily enter into the navy.

At length the moon arose; but her light was dim, and her pale face was mantled in a stormy cloud. The grandfather of Isabella stood beside her; his frame trembled from the feebleness of old age; and the dew-drops of heaven glistened in his grey locks. "My daughter," said the old man, "the moon arises; I will seek our friends .- Fetch the basket." "You! my Grandfather!-O, no!-the bloom of health is on my cheek, and the strength of youth in my limbs; -every step through the moor, every pathway on the hill, every crevice in the rocks, I know. I go to them with food, and dry raiment. Ere morning I will return." The old man unwillingly consented. The tender mother of Isabella, with trembling hands, bound up her daughter's soft black hair beneath a snow-white handkerchief, and hung the light straw cashey (or Zetland basket), filled with the best their island cottage could afford, across her shoulder. "God bless thee, my child!" said she; and a tear dropped on the cheek of Isabella, as she kissed her. Isabella had kissed her little brothers and sisters; her lips were fondly pressed to the dimpled cheek of the youngest, an infant in the cradle, when the splashing of oars was heard on the waves which beat almost at their door, and the voices of strangers. It was the press gang! Terror and dismay spread through the little town.* Bruce and his intended son-in-law, with some other stout men of the same place, had been particularly described, and While they were searching every singled out to them. corner with anxious solicitude, and while mutual taunts and revilings, mixed with coarse jokes from the seamen, passed on both sides, a woman, of frightful figure and aspect, issued suddenly from an obscure hut. Time and many a long year

[•] Every hamlet, though it consists of but two or three cottages, or huts, is called a town by the Zetlanders.

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of toil and sorrow, had impressed innumerable wrinkles on her haggard face; and had bent her form to the ground. The wild gleams of madness lit up her red eyes, and dreadful imprecations burst from her withered and foaming lips. She knelt on the wet ground, she tore off her cap, and her coarse grey hair fell over her time-disfigured countenance. Alternately she beat her breast and forehead, and invoked curses on the oppressors of her kind.—Her grandfather, her father, her husband, her five sons, had been pressed into the service. One by one they had fallen in battle, or perished in the tempest. One only grandchild was left, whom she had reared with maternal tenderness; for him she toiled unceasingly, with more than womanly strength and fortitude.—He too had been torn from her!-thirty long years had passed away, but Jemmy never returned to the isle of his fathers. The brain of the poor sufferer was touched, but she lived harmlessly among her neighbours, unless when some particular object recalled forcibly to her mind the causes of her sorrow. The moon beams shone brightly on this aged monument of toil and sorrow, and gave to her appearance something so appalling-so near to our ideas of a witch, or a being conversant with familiar spirits, that she could not fail inspiring the press gang with the only fear a British sailor was ever known to feel. They were much more willing to gain her good opinion than to irritate her further. After offering money to her, which was thrown back with wild looks of despair and scorn, finding the strictest search unavailing, they returned to their boat, hoping to be more successful in some other parts of the island. When tranquillity was in some degree restored to the cottage of Bruce, Isabella resumed her cashey, and departed. The dim moon was sinking in the west, and the wind sobbed in bollow murmurs across the moor.—She walked with hurried steps, and as she passed the hill, many a legend of the people of the hill* haunted her imagination. She heard their soft voices on the sighing breeze, and fancied she saw their little forms sporting

^{*} Fairy folk, or fairies.

in her path, or gamboling on the border of the lake, whose silvery waves murmured at the bottom of the hill. Dreading to behold some fearful apparition, she cast a hasty and timid glance on the poor startled sheep, as they hurried from her passing steps;* and the tall thistle, as it waved its head over the lake, presented to her superstitious mind, the ominous spirit of the water. † While a superior understanding and superior genius were struggling in the soul of this uneducated maid against that superstition and ignorance, imbibed from her mother's breast, she raised her eves to the suddenly illuminated sky. From behind a bank of dense clouds in the north, suddenly flowed a stream of yellow light, which shot over the heavens in the form of a fan; the middle columns of which assumed the most vivid tints of the rainbow. While successive flashes of transcendant beauty continued to irradiate the firmament, and the minutest objects around became as visible as in the meridian glow of day, Isabella gazed with mingled awe and delight on the glories which surrounded her. Her feet were insensibly arrested, she leaned on a large grey stone, which overhung the loch, and fervently offered up the grateful incense of a pure uncontaminated soul to the Throne of Mercy. At length, by slow degrees, the last faint streak of light faded away in the heavens. Again the breeze (which had entirely ceased) blew strongly across the animated countenance of Isabella. Nature whispered the dear names of Father-Lover-to her heart. She startled, she hurried on, she almost fled along the loch, and soon reached the lofty and rugged cliffs that frowned wildly over the Atlantic deep: in their lonely caves her father and Oliver were to have taken shelter. By a narrow and dangerous pathway down the rugged steep, she quickly descended to the bottom.-Her heart beat high!-the sea wave washed her slippery stepping. As she entered the cave of the rock,

^{*} Trows and bokies, which, together with the hill folk, or fairies, are supposed to haunt the Zetland hills.

[·] Water kelpie, or water spirit.

the Aurora borealis. Northern lights, merry dancers.

"Father!—Oliver!"—she exclaimed, but her voice died away unanswered. "They are not here—they have sought some dryer, safer refuge. I will seek them further on through the cliffs." She sought them with trembling steps, and panting bosom, till the grey dawn beamed sadly on the heaving ocean. The morning shower glistened on her pale cheek, and sparkled in her beautiful hair, which had escaped the confining handkerchief, and hung dishevelled on her fine shoulders and snowy neck. The echoes of the cliffs rang with the names of Father and Oliver, uttered in a tone of anguish.

At length, faint and terrified, she sat on a projection of the rock: bleak and tremendous cliffs rose around her, and far below, the blue billows of the deep washed their craggy bases. The sea-bird had not yet left her nest, and an awful silence reigned around. "My Father!—Oliver! will you not answer your Isabella?"—She paused, she fancied she heard a sigh—a thin vapoury form seemed to flit by her; and the moaning breeze, as it rustled past, breathed on her appalled ear the name of Isabella.—She shrieked—she bent over the chiff, and beheld,—O sight of horror!—on the sharp-pointed rocks below, the mangled bodies of Bruce and Oliver! *

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LOYALTY.

In the battle of Ferbillen, fought between the Swedes and Frederick William, then elector of Brandenburg, and afterwards King of Prussia, Frobenius, the gentleman of the horse to the latter prince, observing that the white steed which his master rode, made him a conspicuous figure for the enemy to fire at, earnestly desired that he would change horses with him. The Elector, who had a great soul, above all fear, refused at first to do so; but, after repeated importunities, he consented, and the moment that the gentleman mounted the horse which the King had quitted, a cannon-shot killed him on the spot.

THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.

(Concluded from page 11.)

THE influence possesssed through this cause by females, is, in a great measure, lost in the present age, it being now the rage (I may with more propriety term it the mania) to send young ladies to fashionable seminaries to finish their acquirements: where, instead of being taught what is right, they are merely instructed how to distinguish the idle variations of fashionable depravity, to enter a room with an affectation of elegance, to throw aside any remaining sparks of natural and truly elegant timidity, for the horse-laugh of impudence, the sneer of contempt, and the gaze of insolent assurance. Thus FINISHED, these mines of loveliness return to the houses of their misguided parents, to exhibit their perfections, and to spread with all their perverted influence the melancholy contagion still more generally abroad. If they marry, and become mothers, their own daughters are, of course, trained up to the same polite and fashionable acquirements, to the sacrifice of respectability, health, happiness, and, frequently, of reputation.

Yet even the influence of such females is evident to the most common observer, for they attract, within their sphere, young men devoted to idle pursuits, unmanly designs, and feminine enjoyments; over the feeble minds of whom they excreise the most despotic power, moulding them to their wishes, as caprice or necessity may render necessary to them. Exclusive of what I have already stated to my auditors, there are several minor affairs that must be attended to, if we are desirous of rendering the influence of females permanent, and beneficial to the civilized world; and destitute of which, this necessary influence, with all the beneficial consequences that follow in its train, cannot exist. I shall not detain my hearers by expatiating upon the subject I allude to, but simply content myself with naming a few of them, the utility of which, I

have little doubt, will be fully evident; namely, humility, expressive tenderness, elegance of manners, strict cleanliness in respect to personal appearance, observing, that female charms are never so powerful in their effects as when plainly, though neatly, ornamented by a well chosen dress, and, finally, though by no means the last in respect to importance, a strict regard to delicacy of language, without which the most lovely woman must necessarily become disgusting.

I cannot conclude without observing that the powers of the female mind are (I am truly sorry to avow it) too generally underrated by mankind; but this is a most erroneous, and at the same time, illiberal judgement, totally devoid of truth, and the dogmatical offspring of self-conceit. It never has been, nay, it never can be, proved as founded upon the basis of candid truth.

Are they incapable, I would ask, of making a progress in the arts and sciences? No; some of the most pleasing productions we possess are the fruits of female genius. Virtue, morality, and religion, have likewise found in the female sex, some of their most able defenders, who, with a depth of argument rarely to be attained, have boldly stepped forward to vindicate their injured rights. Nay, to carry their powers of mind still farther, we possess ample historical proofs to demonstrate, that mighty empires have never flourished with greater glory than when under the government of females.—Finally, with respect to the possession of fortitude, under the severe pressure of mental or bodily afflictions, it is a well known fact that females enjoy a very superior degree of it to what man does.

They can resign themselves with placid resignation to the heart-rending pangs of pain; and in defence of, or to accompany, their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers, look fearlessly upon the withered form of death, when placed before them in its most terrific manner; nay, they rush into his icy embrace with rapture, rather than survive those dear, those tenderly beloved objects, upon whom were placed their most tender affections, and upon whose existence their own was suspended; of this gratifying truth—gratifying, I repeat,

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lemn cated creat tion, relat because it convinces us of the power of woman's love—the records of the French Revolution, will, alas! present us with too many proofs, written in characters of blood.

I am, therefore, induced to believe, upon the most solemn self-conviction of its truth, that females, properly educated, may be enabled to govern the depraved lords of the creation at pleasure, and that, from their delicate conformation, they are fully capable of equalling them in all things relating to genius, and of surpassing them in many.

> Hail! lovely woman! fairest work of heav'n! Giv'n to soothe the many wayward ills Strew'd in the mazy paths of tiresome life, To wean us from this transitory world! Hail! lovely sex!-Would I had the power To sing with sweetest lays your precious worth, When Virtue and Religion rule your hearts. -To all the feelings tenderly alive, Of love, of friendship, and affection pure,-Who, in the helpless age of infancy, Attends our various wants with pitying care, Eager to soothe us with the softest voice, Mildly to bear our little wayward airs Of pettish discontent, and whining grief, To lull us on their bosoms to repose?-'Tis mild, beneficent, and friendly woman!-Who, in the dawning bloom of youth's fair spring, Contributes to each fervent joy we know, With all the soft charms of blushing beauty, Treading with us the rugged paths of life, Our cheering friend when adverse scenes appear, But lovely woman! with her angel charms?-Whose words can calm the strength of passion's heat. Raising the mind superior to despair .-And when, at length, advancing age unnerves The strong-bound texture of our manly frames. O'erwhelming us with gloomy discontent, With vexing cares, and anguish'd pangs of pain, Helpless ourselves, unkind too oft to all! Who then, in this our second infant state,

Bears with our peevish whims, and fretful words,
Administering to our fancied wants,
With all of Friendship's sorrow from the heart,
And Pity's unaffected soothing tears,
But dearest woman?

And who, again, when Death appears to rend
The feeble strength of life's expiring thread,
Will close our eyes, will sigh, and weep,
Will pay the last sad duties to our clay,
And see the body decently array'd
In Death's habiliments—but lovely woman?
Such is the power which woman holds o'er man!

Here I shall terminate my lecture, with the anxious desire that I may have been successful in contributing to the entertainment of my auditors.

THE END.

A RARE EXAMPLE OF DELICACY AND FEELING.

Louis XIV. of France, was one day entertaining a select party of his courtiers with a relation of a circumstance which he had announced was extremely laughable, but on the entrance of Prince Armagnac, he suppressed a fine repartee. which constituted the merit of the story. The whole circle was disappointed, which was seldom the case when his majesty promised them entertainment; and were therefore surprised. The king observed it, but said nothing till the prince departed. "Now, gentlemen, I'll make you laugh," said he, and accordingly gave them the anecdote unmutilated, which produced in a high degree the proposed effect. "You see," subjoined Louis, "there was an oblique stroke that would have affected the prince, and I suppressed it to prevent his being embarrassed; for I would rather lose the reputation of the best bon mot that was ever uttered than give a moment's pain to any individual." An example worthy the imitation of all who aspire at the character of a gentleman.

THE TOMB OF AMESTRIS; A PERSIAN TALE.

THE HISTORY OF ANEPHIS, SURNAMED THE HAPPY.

(Continued from page 29.)

When the amiable Rozelis had related to me the history of the enchantment which kept her enchained in the cavern of Morgeline, I asked her, if she had already been visited; she answered me, that, till now, but one poor fisherman, and an old man quite deaf, had fallen into the cavern, who had remained there but one hour.

Towards evening the nymphs of the Persian gulf came; they were really charming; they had slight robes of pale green, and a brilliant contexture of extreme transparency; rose-coloured crowns of marine plants, ornamented their heads and fine black hair; girdles and bracelets of coral and pearls completed their dress: they presented me with fruits in large reed baskets; and invited me to follow them into the gardens of the enchantress. At this moment, Rozelis began to play upon her lyre; but I was now inattentive to the sounds which struck upon my ear; because the nymphs joining hands formed delightful dances to the music of the lyre. As I am particularly fond of dancing, and a pretty woman never appears more seducing than when she dances well, I was so captivated, that I resolved to shut my eyes; the nymphs then disappeared, and soon after, I went to bed in a small grot that had been prepared for me.

I had a complete controll over my actions for nearly three months: Rozelis' lyre, her singing, and conversation, ever delighted me. The mind of this amiable princess gave an inexpressible charm to whatever she said; it was impossible to be tired of hearing her; and when I fancied, that, with so many gifts and talents, she was handsome, I thought I would spare no pains to please, and deliver her from bondage. One day, she confessed to me, that I had made a lively impression on her

heart; and she solemnly promised me her faith, her hand, and the throne of flowers in the Perfumed Isle, if I should merit such gifts by my perseverance. I threw myself at her feet, and renewed the oath of devoting my existence to her; yet I was strangely fatigued with the monotonous kind of life I was leading. I refrained from looking at the princess; her singular appearance was often present to my imagination. I in vain said, this ridiculous form does not belong to her; the cursed remembrance followed me; and a thousand times it destroyed the charm of her voice and conversation.

One evening, as I was talking with my princess, the ceiling opened, and a terrified traveller appeared. Ah! ah! cried I, here is a rival dropped from the clouds. He was a young man, of good person, and richly habited. He was so stunned that he could not utter a word for more than a quarter of an hour. At length, recovering his senses, he looked around him, and said—This is a superb mansion, but the manner of entering it is somewhat singular! Signior, continued he, you are doubtless the sovereign of this brilliant abode: although your hospitality has been granted a little too roughly for my liking, I am still pleased that you have admitted me into your palace. There are no very fine prospects to be seen in it, but it is certainly the most magnificent in the Indies. I interrupted the stranger to undeceive him, and informed him, in few words, that the sole meaning was to deliver a princess from an enchantment by which she was held captive in this subterraneous place; but I will not suffer you, added I, to interfere in this enterprise; I arrived here three months before you, and I alone have a right to Well, replied the stranger, if the princess is terminate it. worth the contest, we will fight for her. Freely, replied I; we have both arms; and this day fate shall decide between us. No, no, cried Rozelis, removing the veil; stranger, do not fight Anephis; look at me; and judge if you could love, as he does, such a figure. At these words, the traveller turned, and casting his eyes on Rozelis, he burst into an immoderate laugh. I explained, that this appearance was only an illusion, formed by the enchantment of Morgeline:

I repeated to him, that Rozelis, queen of the Isle of Flowers, was worthy of her name and empire. But Rozelis interrupted me, and protested that I was deceiving him; that, ashamed of my love for her, I wished to justify it by falsehood, and that this vile person really belonged to her. In the midst of this debate, the stranger, who kept his eyes constantly upon her, continued to laugh by fits. I requested Rozelis to take her lyre, and sing. She consented; but, determined to disgust the stranger, she played, and sung, discordantly, and in the most ridiculous manner. known stopped his ears; saying-Sir, you are a connoisseur in music as well as in person. At this moment, the nymphs of Morgeline unexpectedly made their appearance; and transported the traveller with joy; he made love to half a dozen, began to sing, and dance, with them; and did not want a second invitation to follow them: he went with this joyful company; and we were freed from him two hours after This adventure, which proved to me that Rozelis wished to owe her deliverance solely to me, attached me to her the more; but I confess that I counted the days; for I was not a lover; I was only sustained by the hope of becoming one, when I should see the true features of Rozelis, and by honour, which commanded me not to abandon the interesting woman who had confided in me. I was idle; and had nothing to do; but the weariness necessarily produced by idleness, rendered a constantly uniform life insupportable. I could not do without variety; and I could not surmount a certain unaccountable uneasiness which seemed daily to increase. One morning, having nearly dressed myself to go into the grot of Rozelis, I heard a slight noise, I raised my eyes, and saw the most charming of all the nymphs of the Persian gulf: I supposed her one; because she had the same vestment; but it was the first time I had seen her. This bewitching creature united all the freshness, lustre, beauty, and grace, that can possibly be imagined; a touching expression of sweetness, modesty, sensibility, and an enchanting smile full of archness, rendered her appearance Delighted, beyond measure, I fell on one knee, exclaiming-Oh! who are you? Why till now have you

been concealed from my sight? Anephis, answered she, I would not be confounded with the crowd of nymphs in this cavern. I have seen you without being perceived; I am free; I love you; will you follow me? I will devote myself to you. Come. At these words, she held out her hand; and the most violent love made me forget every thing. I seized the nymph's hand, she hurried me rapidly away; and I was soon in a gallery strewn with diamond stars; in which was Morgeline, seated on a golden throne, supported by two dolphins of topazs and sapphires: all her nymphs surrounded her throne: I advanced towards her; and at this instant, turning back to see the nymph who had seduced me, I found she was gone. Surprised, disconcerted, I looked for her in vain; and my vexation increased at hearing on all sides loud peals of laughter. At length, Morgeline, imposing silence on this noisy assembly, Anephis, said she, my nymphs are a little piqued at not having been able to conduct you hither; they are revenged by laughing at you, for having been seduced by a mere phantom; that which appeared to you so charming was only an illusion produced by my art. Console yourself; and another time do not presume to undertake adventures which require strength of mind and perseverance. In a moment, you will again find yourself upon the shores of my gulf. I will give you a proof of my benevolence: receive this pearl necklace, which will recal to you, that if Morgeline is vindictive, she is also generous. Saying these words, she put round my neck a pearl necklace of prodigious size and incomparable beauty. She touched me with her wand; and I was actually transported to the shores of the Persian gulf. I will not give an account of my reflections; they were overwhelming; I had forfeited my oath, abandoned the interesting Rozelis, and lost a crown, for a vain chimera; and, to complete my misfortune, I could not drive from my imagination the enchanting image of this phantom, and the remembrance of the conversation and the lyre of Rozelis. My sorrow occasioned me an illness of some months. At length my health was re-established; I terminated my travels; and, not wishing to keep Morgeline's fine present, I went to court, and did

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homage to your august mother with these wonderful pearls. She was so well pleased with them, that she condescended to obtain for me the title of Emir; and every one exclaimed -How happy he must be! At this time, my uncle Nazel's wife died; she left a very large fortune; and, by her will, secured to me the possession of it after the death of my uncle, although I was related to her only by marriage. It was still repeated, that I was the happiest of men; and yet I could not banish from my remembrance the image of my seducing phantom, nor console myself for having abandoned Rozelis. Consumed by an insurmountable sorrow, I still determined to proceed; I travelled over parts of the Indies least known, and I undertook long voyages; in one of which. assailed by a horrible tempest in the midst of a dark night, my vessel bulged against the rocks, and was swallowed up by the waves. I seized a plank; and, supporting myself upon this fragile prop, I swam more than three hours in darkness. At the end of this time, I suddenly smelt a delicious fragrance; I made towards it; and at length had the happiness to land upon an isle. At break of day, I discovered an enchanted abode; the first objects that met my eye were flowers and rich fruits, and I soon discovered that fortune had thrown me into the charming dominions of the But, had Rozelis, after an absence of queen of flowers. two years, returned to her states? And, if she reigned, another had had the glory of delivering her! These reflections brought bitter tears into my eyes. Some shepherds, dressed as if for a feast, came to receive me; they gave me all the assistance I wanted; but I could not question them; I was ignorant of their language. When I had taken rest, they made me understand that I was to follow them. -I After having walked an hour beneath arbours of roses and myrtles, we arrived at the palace, and I recognised the large basket of flowers which Rozelis had described to me: my strength was ready to forsake me; but curiosity getting the better of every other impulse, I suffered myself to be conducted, or rather dragged, by Besides, I thought that resistance would be useless; and that, to all appearance, the custom of the

country was to present strangers to the queen. having passed a vestibule, whose columns were of cornelian, surrounded with garlands of jasmines and lilies, my guides left me to the care of a company of charming nymphs, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers. They addressed me in my own language to assure me of the protection of I would have answered, but my words their sovereign. died on my trembling lips. The nymphs made me enter a jasper saloon, adorned with goddesses and white roses. At the bottom of the saloon was a woman of an elegant and perfect shape, whose back was turned towards me: her beautiful light hair fell in large curls upon her shoulders, a shining and light silver tissue; a purple mantle, tied on one side by a bouquet of lilies and roses, formed her vestment: her head was crowned with violets and sensitives. nymphs, in introducing me, said-Behold Rozelis, our sovereign! I was ready to sink; and supported myself against a column. But who can describe my emotions, when the queen, in turning herself, again showed me the reality of the heavenly form whose vision had seduced me. Morgeline had conceived, and given to a phantom, the shape and features of her whom she wished to make me abandon; unfortunately for me, she did, for the first time, an ingenious I fell at the feet of the queen, exclaiming—Punish the unhappy and guilty Anephis; but, remember, that, to draw him from you, they were compelled to give your resemblance to a visionary object. Your image alone could triumph over me. I know it, said the queen, my self-love has doubtless been able to excuse your forsaking me; but my heart must not pardon it. Your repentance would be useless; another has been my liberator; another has proved to me that no seduction could engage him to betray the hope of an unfortunate being; he has received my oath; and I shall marry him in a hour.

In this part of Anephis's narrative, Megabisis remarked to the king, that it was near break of day; and Anephis was sent away, with an order to return the next day at the same hour.

(To be continued.)

SIR EGBERT:

A GOTHIC FRAGMENT.

It is the voice of the years that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds.

Ossian.

THE loud pealing of the thunder shook the wide vault of heaven, the rain fell in torrents, all was darkness, save when the vivid flashing of the lightning disclosed to the wanderers the horror of their situation. Sir Egbert paused irresolute, for he was aware that danger surrounded him which required more than human prudence to avoid. "Bertram," said Sir Egbert, addressing his 'squire, who followed at his heels, " we have thus far traced the monster who robbed me of all I held dear; but here all hope of overtaking him must fail." Bertram replied not to the words of his master; indeed he searcely possessed the faculty of speech; for the unparalleled danger and distress of his situation had nearly deprived him of his senses. By the incessant flashing of the lightning, Sir Egbert discovered that he was surrounded by high and craggy mountains, which a prior knowledge convinced him formed the most dreary part of the Grampion Hills. He dismounted his horse, fearful lest his next step should plunge him headlong down a precipice, or hurl him to the fathomless abyss of some yawning chasm, and cautiously leading him by the bridle, Sir Egbert continued slowly to proceed; whilst the faithful Bertram followed his steps, invoking his patron saints to rescue him from his present difficulty. Nearly an hour passed away in this manner; when, after a dreadful flash of forked lightning, Sir Egbert fancied he beheld the lofty turrets of a large building. He communicated his hopes to his servant; and making a full pause, anxiously awaited a renewal of the electrical flash, that he might be certain. He had not long

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to endure suspense; for, with emotions of extreme pleasure, he beheld a large, though ruinous building, which seemed the remains of an ancient castle, at a short distance from the spot where he stood. Commanding Bertram to follow him, he proceeded towards the ruins. His surmises were just; it was indeed an old castle, which time had rendered untenantable, except by rooks and owls, whose doleful hooting, at the dead hour of night, would have appalled the stoutest heart. Entering a porch, Sir Egbert seated himself on the stone bench, congratulating himself that he had found a place to wait in safety, until the return of day, sheltered from the storm. Bertram was also pleased, though he could not refrain from shuddering, when he reflected on the wildness of the ruins, which, to his terrified fancy, seemed the retreat of robbers, or of beings of supernatural Sir Egbert was lost in thought: with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he meditated the preceding events; the death of his Ethelinda, and the retreat of her murderer, Oswald:-his heart panted for revenge; and he determined to sacrifice the base assassin to his fury, whenever he should meet with him. He was roused from these reflections by his servant, who, in a voice of extreme terror, desired him to observe! "What?" enquired Sir Egbert. "What dost thou see, Bertram, that can inspire this dread?" "Surely my eyes deceived me," replied the other, "or I beheld the faces of men surveying us from behind that massy pillar." "What pillar canst thou distinguish," said Sir Egbert, "when it is so dark that I cannot even see my own charger that stands by my side? Thy fears have made thee superstitious, friend." "It was when the lightning flashed," replied the 'squire; "and if you watch, we may perhaps again perceive them." More to satisfy his faithful servant, than from any other motive, Sir Egbert obeyed; and bent his eyes towards the spot that Bertram indicated. Twice the porch glowed with the vivid lightning; and nothing was distinguished but the massy walls of the building. The knight was preparing to address Bertram on his unnecessary fears, when, by another

stream of light, he plainly beheld a man, with a sword in his hand, cautiously approaching the spot where he stood. "There is treachery," he cried, immediately changing his situation; and drawing at the same time his own weapon. The footsteps of the suspicious intruder were now distinctly heard retreating from the spot, as the arches of the interior of this ruinous building reverberated the sound. "Follow me, Bertram," exclaimed Sir Egbert; "follow me; for, by heaven, I will search the mysteries of this dreary pile, till I have unravelled them." He had no sooner uttered these words, than, brandishing his truncheon, he rushed into the innermost part of the castle, followed by his 'squire, who reluctantly left the comparative place of safety which the porch afforded him. His imagination represented to him broken stair-cases, or ruined floors, where they might fall, and be precipitated headlong, he knew not whither. Indeed, Sir Egbert was quickly checked in his impetuous career by a flight of steps, at the foot of which he had fallen. Rising with renewed determination, he more cautiously ascended, still followed by Bertram. The wild wind whistled mournfully through the wide crevices of the walls, like the sighs of the departed; the owls, the tenants of the moss-covered towers, in horrid tones, hooted forth their mournings; whilst the horror of their situation was increased by the stifled voices of men, which they heard at intervals. No mortal power could appal the soul of Sir Egbert; yet he felt a sensation of horror at these mysterious sounds. Involved in doubt and disorder, the knight paused to consider whether he should go on, or leave the place. It was evident some one had intended to attempt his life; and, surrounded as he was by darkness, he might fall an easy victim to the treacherous wiles of banditti. Whilst engaged in this reverie, he felt some one hurry past him quickly, though he distinguished nothing substantial, except the flapping of a pliable substance on his face, like that of a cloak: the next moment, he heard a well-known voice whisper rather loudly-"Where can he have strayed? He shall not escape me! my revenge shall yet be satisfied." Heavens! what was the astonishment

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of Sir Egbert, when he heard the voice of his rival, tho detested Oswald? He doubted not that chance had conducted them to the same spot, and that the monster, not satisfied with the blood of the innocent Ethelinda, had determined to sacrifice him to his revenge and hatred. The storm had now in some degree abated; and the morning had began to appear, when Sir Egbert thought he distinguished the person of his enemy a few paces before him. Disdaining to assassinate him when in his power, he addressed him by his name, and bade him defend himself. Oswald started at the sound; but instantly obeyed the summons. The clang of arms now resounded along the lofty arches of the ruined building; and Bertram stood in anxious expectation awaiting the decision of the combat. Scarcely able to distinguish each other in the thick shades of twilight, and the tempest now scarcely dispersed, they fought at random. Thrice had Sir Egbert's sword penetrated the body of his antagonist, who was ready to faint from loss of blood, when the honest Bertram beheld a third person stealing close by the wall, with the evident intention of attacking his unsuspecting master. Carefully observing every motion of the assassin. as he dimly distinguished his figure from the dark wall, he grasped his truncheon, and, when he beheld him rising from his couchant posture, rushed forward, and with one stroke cleft his head asunder. Oswald no sooner heard the groan of his dying servant, than a certainty of his own fate rushed upon his mind; and he paused involuntarily. The darkness prevented Sir Egbert from distinguishing that his enemy was thrown off his guard, and exposed to his uplifted sword; or his noble soul had scorned to strike; the force of his arm could not be restrained, and, with a horrid groan, Oswald fell on the damp floor: the blood rushed from his wound; but remorse had penetrated his heart; he took the hand of Sir Egbert, as he raised him from the ground, and confessed the injuries he had done him; then, in broken accents, proceeded in the following words -

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE. BY H. FINN.

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(Continued from page 40.)

THE beautiful island I beheld, appeared a paradise on which Nature, in her most munificent mood, had lavished her kindest caresses. Like the eager exile leaping to his native land to greet the long-left objects of his first and firm regard, I sprung to the luxuriant shore. Every natural production I saw, served to confirm the thought of happiness, as superabundant as their varieties. In admiration I viewed the straight and slender cocoa-tree shoot its smooth trunk high into the air, crowned by its grouping of long green leaves, and the still more slender betel-tree. The low, and willow-like form of the cinnamon, the variegated beauty of its green and scarlet leaves, its white blossoms, and other innumerable species of unknown plants equally lovely, seemed to confer on my senses a renewal of a happier existence, as I inhaled the almost overpowering perfume that scented the air from a white wild flower resembling the jessamine. Fruits of the most delicious flavour, and exquisite odour, grew spontaneously; and I recognized the pineapple, orange, pomegranate, citron, lime, melon, almond, fig, and mulberry. While the tamarind, plantain, mango, and bread-fruit trees, satiated the sense of sight with repletion and variety. From a contemplation of the scene before me, I had no hesitation in believing myself an inhabitant of a tropical clime, and that I breathed the air of India; but whether I had landed upon an island, or continent, was yet to be ascertained. I did not deem it reasonable to suppose, that Providence had collected its rarest gifts only to bid them blossom to the day; or, to bestow its blessings on the brute creation; I therefore cast a scrutinizing glance upon every side in search of a human habitation; but the numerous trees that surrounded me, rendered that hope abortive,

unless aided by a farther excursion from the shore: a gradual ascent from it seemed to be surmounted by a forest at no great distance, and I concluded, that, by gaining the summit of the hill, I might procure a more extended knowledge of the country, and its inhabitants. I was most desirous to obtain information on the latter subject, even at the price of danger; for slavery seemed preferable to complete solitude. My long and wearisome confinement on board the vessel had disgusted me with the thought of being alone. To ensure my knowledge of the route by which I could return in safety. I broke the stems of the small trees as I passed along, at the interval of a few yards. In this way I continued to pursue my pathless course through groves of cocoa, plantain, and mango trees, until I arrived at a situation where my progress was obstructed by the thick jungle wood, that presented an impenetrable barrier. I passed along to the right and left of the closely interwoven boundary, but still the same impervious thorny inclosure presented itself. Whilst I stood irresolute how to act, and deliberating upon the alternative of returning, an animal resembling a small species of tiger sprung from the thicket, and remained where it had alighted, with its fierce eyes fixed intentively upon me, and assumed an attitude as if preparing to select me for its prev. The only method of avoiding the fangs of this seemingly ferocious animal, was to ascend the nearest tree: a moment's hesitation decided me; and, quickened by dread, I hastily climbed up the nearest mango tree. Its beautiful and wide spreading branches, like the oak, affording a secure retreat. When I looked down, I descried the animal through the intersecting foliage still on the watch; but after an interval of a few minutes, it slowly prowled about the base of the tree, still steadily elevating its piercing looks towards the shelter I had taken, then retired, as it appeared, with a sudden spring through the jungle. I descended as speedily as possible, intent upon returning to the more open country I had left. This incident furnished fresh matter for reflection on the counteracting qualities of nature, and the association of opposite properties. I felt that her loveliest

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forms must be indebted for their value to the rudeness of deformity; her choicest draughts of happiness must be embittered by the dregs of alloying calamity. A strange moment, you will say, for moral speculations, in danger of losing life! But I had acquired by habit and inclination a facility of connecting thoughts with events, and no particular accident ever occurred, that did not produce an immediate association of a philosophic nature, and it is to that force of linking the mind to the body, if I may so term it, that I owe the readiness with which I recollect and relate circumstances and feelings that time would have swept long since from my memory, without the aid of methodical arrangement. But, to resume my story—as I pursued my way back, I admitted the melancholy idea that the rich and prolific soil I beheld, instead of benefitting by the creative hand of cultivation, was destined to be spurned by the feet of beasts of prey; its voluptuous vegetation to satisfy the cravings of their voracity; and the genial atmosphere to echo the howlings of their hunger. I had been absent from the boat about four hours, as I conjectured, when, with astonishment and delight, I beheld you sitting upon the bank, collecting the various flowers that covered the land, and surrounded by various sorts of fruit piled up in profusion; knowing it was impossible you could have procured them by your own exertion, I was at a loss how to account for the phenomenon; however, forgetting the impression that my presence might produce, I hastened to discover myself. The effect was such as the least reflection would have taught me to expect. A loud shriek announced your recognition, and was followed by your flight. Anxious to overtake, and endeavour to eradicate your unfounded detestation, I pursued your footsteps, when I suddenly found my feet entangled, and was thrown to the ground! The next moment I felt the foot of a man upon my breast, as I turned round to rise, and saw an Indian savage, with a dagger of polished steel, which he held as if on the point of plunging it to my heart. Seeing my danger, the natural humanity of your disposition triumphed over its prejudices, and you ran to my assistance. The

stranger and yourself appeared to be acquainted; for, upon your gently withdrawing his arm from its menacing posture, and shaking your head, expressive of your dislike, he seemed pleased; and flourishing his dagger before me, to inspire me with fear, he motioned me to rise. I now saw a female Indian, with a face and figure beautifully and elegantly formed, who was caressing you by twisting her delicate fingers slightly in your hair, feeling the softness of your skin, putting her cheek to your's, and smiling, with other marks of fondness. I immediately imparted to you the danger we were in, and to profit by the evident and unaccountable partiality they entertained for you, I requested you to lead them in the direction of our boat: trembling, and obeying this request, more from a principle of fear of me than the savage, you took the direction towards our boat, at the same time beckoning them to follow. With delight in their features, they nodded assent; then spoke to each other in some unknown language; and, by their gestures, I guessed they were pleased: their actions were extremely violent and extravagant, distorting their faces, and describing circles and angles with their arms and hands in the air. My consternation was extreme, when I found that the tide had left our boat dry, and thus denied all hope of escape, for the present, from my savage companions. I determined, however, to keep in remembrance, if possible, the situation; and place our boat in reserve, as a certain refuge from probable slavery. I wished to take you with me round to the boat (as the water, having left the perpendicular summit of the bank, had placed it far below, and it was requisite to find some easier access to the shore before I could reach it), but to this measure my wild associates objected, by their threatening gesticulation, and I was obliged to quit you; luckily, I soon gained the boat, and, selecting my looking glass as the chief means of exciting the surprise and curiosity of the Indians, I returned, after a careful survey of every local object that could tend to impress an acquaintance with the spot at a period when circumstances should render it important to our safety. As I was hastily retracing my path, I suddenly met the

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female, who, it seems, had followed my footsteps. I paused but she advanced; and, after fixing her bright black eyes upon mine for a few seconds, bent them to the ground. I had now an opportunity of remarking the costume of my beautiful companion: it consisted of a piece of fine cotton cloth, wrapped round her form, and partly shielding her bosom from view, reaching down to the ancle; over that was thrown a garment of rose-coloured silk; and the dress was finished with a robe of rich flowered silk; her hair was glossy jet, and fastened in numberless plaits, with very large gold pins, attached to plates of gold, resembling crescents; to this was added a wreath of jessamine, that sent forth a pleasant fragrance; her neck was encircled by a similar wreath, and chains of gold in filigree work, which also clasped her arms and wrists; and rings of gold were suspended from her ears. The Asiatic languor of her looks, the feminine softness of her manners, and the degree of civilization observable in her costume, but ill accorded with the wild scenery, language, and ferocious appearance of the male. Her glances were calculated to allure the senses; her form, to win the heart. The mode of our meeting, the place, the combined beauties of taste and wildness that distinguished her, and the impression of novelty, all contributed to raise an interest in my bosom, and a curiosity to continue an intercourse so strangely commenced.

THE NATURAL TEMPER DIFFICULT TO BE SUBDUED.

GENERAL Sutton was a very passionate man; Sir Robert Walpole the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert while his valet was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me," and the same a third time; when Sutton, starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot, and, if you cut him once more, I'll knock you down!"

THE MONITRESS.

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Though I have reason to apprehend, the generality of my readers may have considered me as one of those unstable beings who considers it no deviation from rectitude to disregard their word, yet, I beg leave to assure them, the sacredness of a promise was, at an early period, impressed upon my youthful heart; and, so deeply were the precepts of my excellent parents imprinted, that, I think I may venture to say, I never have intentionally forfeited my word.

An indisposition, which, for several months, suspended the powers of action, naturally produced mental debility; and, even at the present moment, the composition of a letter is attended by all the symptoms of fatigue. As the victim then of disease, not as the inconsiderate breaker* of a promise, I once more present myself in a monitorial capacity; desirous of directing the youthful mind to the practice of those duties which are likely to insure internal tranquility in this life, and immortal happiness in the future!

Having endeavoured to impress the necessity of practical devotion, at an early period of existence, on the minds of my youthful readers, I shall beg leave to direct their attention to the next important duty, namely, undeviating observance of the injunction of their parents. In the extensive catalogue of moral duties, filial affection claims its preeminence; and strengthens the authority which Nature has bestowed, by the positive injunction of Omnipotence!— "Honour thy father and thy mother!" said the great Jehovah, "that thy days may be long in the land;" thus at

^{*} See the First Essay, entitled the Monitress, in the Frebruary Magazine, 1815.

once commanding obedience, and promising to reward the practice of it; for the desire of long life seems to be interwoven with the very principle of existence; and even those who, for a long term of years, have quenched their thirst at the fountain of affliction, are inclined to imagine that the stream will become more palatable as time continues to revolve.

It has been observed, and, I believe, with great justice, that the Bible holds out examples of every religious and moral virtue; and the history of Joseph is perhaps one of the most sublime and affecting descriptions of filial piety, and fraternal affection, that ever was composed. The description of the artless Ruth's attachment to the mother of her deceased husband, is no less beautifully told, and conveys an instructive lesson to the human heart. The conduct of our Saviour's favourite disciple to the mother of his Lord, not only affords an admirable example of the mode of conduct children should adopt towards their parents, but proves that the duties of friendship ought to be acted upon with equal force.

Though the parental character is entitled to respect, gratitude, and affection, yet how often do we find pertness substituted for humility, and neglect usurping the place of affection. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the period of life which most requires admonition, should too often act under the influence of presumption; and, like a headstrong torrent, force down the barriers of restriction. As example, however, is often allowed to be more efficacious than precept, I shall select a few historical anecdotes for the reader's amusement and instruction; illustrative of that virtue which ought to influence the actions of every individual.

A Roman lady, of high distinction, was convicted of having abetted a plan against the state; and, so strong was the evidence against her, that she was condemned to lose her life. The keeper of the prison was commanded to be her executioner; but the condescending sweetness of the dolinquent's manner touched his humanity; yet aware that, if he refused to perform the painful office, he should be de-

prived of a lucrative employ, he made a sort of compromise between integrity and humanity; and though he could not bear the idea of embruing his hands in the blood of this interesting female, he dared not convey that nutriment to her, necessary to the preservation of her life. When the sentence of death was pronounced on this ill-fated lady, an order was likewise issued, that she should neither converse with her friends or family; yet the humane keeper of the prison found himself unable to resist the supplications of her only child, whom he daily permitted to pass two or three hours in the apartment where her hapless mother was confined! Previous to her admission, however, the amiable young woman was compelled to submit to a close examination, to prevent the possibility of her conveying any nourishment that might be the means of lengthening her mother's life; and, though several days had elapsed since these affecting interviews, neither the prisoner's health, nor strength, appeared upon the decline. Astonishment filled the mind of the keeper; and he contrived to make a small chink in the wall of the adjoining apartment, during the night, and on the following day fixed his eye upon it, and there beheld a most affecting sight; for the young lady, a few days before the condemnation of her devoted parent, had given birth to a child, and, with the lacteal stream Nature furnished for its nourishment, the filial affection of the amiable young lady suggested the idea of preserving her mother's life. With a heart overflowing with sensibility, the humane keeper of the prison flew to the mansion of the judge who had decreed that the hapless woman should expiate her offence with the loss of life, and, with all the pathos of genuine feeling, acknowledged his incapability of fulfilling the mandate which has been described; expatiated upon the method he had adopted of terminating her existence; and dwelt upon the affecting plan the daughter had resorted to for the purpose of frustrating his design. The judge listened to the recital with a combination of emotions! "I should act in opposition to the voice of Nature," said he, "in not preserving this devoted woman's life! yet I must

summon a meeting of the senators, he added; though one and all, I am certain, will approve of the design."

The senate was accordingly convened; and the affecting circumstance related. "A free pardon!" was vociferated from every voice; but this was not all, for an annuity, out of the public treasury, was granted both to mother and daughter, for their lives; and a temple, to filial piety, ordered to be erected on the prison's site.

It is impossible to peruse this affecting proof of filial tenderness, without experiencing sensations the most refined; and, whilst admiring the force of natural feeling, we cannot avoid experiencing a similar sensation towards the people who endeavoured to impress the practice of filial affection upon the youthful mind, by raising a temple to a virtue, which at once endears, and sweetens life!

The Grecian, as well as the Roman, historians, have transmitted an equally honourable testimony of filial affection to posterity; and the celebrated tragedy of the Grecian Daughter is founded upon a fact which occurred when their glory was at its height. Another instance, even more affecting, took place at Athens, which, from not having been rewarded, cast an obloquy upon that state:—

The father of a young Athenian, worn down by sickness or suffering, died during confinement in prison for a debt he was unable to pay; in consequence of which, according to the Athenian custom, the sacred rites of burial were denied; when the son, to obtain the hallowed ceremony for his deceased father, surrendered his own person, until the debt should be paid!

Sweden may likewise boast of having given the most attractive proofs of filial affection, in a young man of respectable family, who happened to be with some friends in a different part of the kingdom, when the agonizing intelligence reached him, that his father was attainted. The father of this noble-minded youth (for, at the period the circumstance happened, he was scarcely nineteen) had, for several years, filled a diplomatic department with credit unimpeached, and honour unstained! Proofs, however, the most positive,

were given of illegal practices; the public money had been devoted to private display; the facts were so strong, and so decided, that life was to be the forfeiture of dishonesty.

Exhausted by the rapidity of travelling, the affectionate son of the devoted victim had scarcely power to reach the judge's feet; when, prostrating himself there, in the most affecting language, he implored him to accept a ransom for his beloved father's life! adding, that he was ready to resign his own that moment, if the author of his existence might be permitted to enjoy lengthened days! The manner, the attitude, and the forcible style of expression, adopted by the half-distracted pleader, so deeply affected the humane being they were addressed to, that he found it impossible to refrain from tears; yet aware that it was only in the power of his sovereign to revoke the sentence, he instantly ordered his carriage, and was soon afterwards admitted into the presence of the Swedish monarch.

With an ardour that testified an excess of feeling, he described the generous youth's affectionate proposition. "Conduct like this," said the monarch, "must avert the hand of justice: have the goodness, sir, to inform the nobleminded young man, his father is pardoned! Yet this is not sufficient," he added; "it is our duty to celebrate an act so admirably meritorious; and I shall instantly give orders for a patent of Nobility to be made out for this exemplary son!"

The delighted judge instantly drove to the house of the agitated young man, anxious to relieve a state of mind which amounted to agony; and, rushing into the apartment, "A pardon, Knight of the North Polar Star*!" he exclaimed.

Language might in vain attempt to describe the feelings of this admirable young man, at hearing the welcome news of his father's pardon; but when the additional information was added, that he was to be enrolled amongst the nobility, he said, "Oh, my lord judge! can I think of accepting a

^{*} An order instituted by Frederic I. in the year 1748.

title which must inevitably be the means of handing my father's disgrace down to posterity!" The judge instantly felt the force of this refined mark of delicacy; and, having bestowed upon it the praise it so justly deserved, returned to the king, for the purpose of disclosing the motive which induced this exemplary son to decline the intended honour. The monarch, no less struck with this instance of refined affection, summoned the noble-minded youth into his presence; and, after bestowing upon him that applause such conduct justly merited, appointed him his confidential secretary as a reward.

These, and several other historical facts, equally undoubted, are surely calculated to impress the practice of filial affection upon the human mind; yet my readers may be inclined to ask, whether none of their own countrywomen have not afforded examples of a similar kind. In reply to this naturally supposed enquiry, I must beg leave to direct my reader's attention to the year 1535, when the justly celebrated Sir Thomas More was condemned by the tyrant Henry, to lose his truly estimable life, for opposing his divorce from Catherine of Arragon, for the purpose of making the lovely Anna Bullen his wife. This most unstable of men, and most overbearing of England's monarchs, could not bear the slightest opposition even in trivial affairs; and where his passions were inflamed by the exquisite charms of the object who had excited them, his disposition seemed to participate in the ferociousness of the tiger, and the sullenness of the bear. Though the amiable Sir Thomas had resigned the dignity of Lord Chancellor, to avoid offending his sovereign, by voting against the impending bill of divorce, yet integrity of principle had induced him, privately, to disclose his sentiments to his indignant lord: soon after which, he was accused of high treason, and confined a close prisoner in the tower! There he was not only deprived of aff friendly intercourse, but his amiable daughters were refused admittance; but when the moment arrived for the termination of his existence, the celebrated Mrs. Roper forced a passage through the guards by whom he was surrounded, and, press-

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ing the author of her life to her agonized bosom, was, at length, carried from the arms which had sustained her in a fainting fit.

The Countess of Pembroke, sister to the immortalized Sir Philip Sidney, has likewise been celebrated for her filial attachment; and various are the instances, even within my own knowledge, of this virtue shining transcendently bright in more humble individuals.

What an extensive field of action has the French Revolution presented! How many unprotected daughters have voluntarily shared the fate of their devoted parents! Even the self-erected tribunals of justice have been known to rescind their orders for execution from the force of filial pleadings! These, however, and the former proofs of the force of filial affection, are, it must be acknowledged, extraordinary instances, and, of course, not likely to occur; yet, whatever tends to impress the mind with virtuous propensities, must be considered as having a beneficial influence. Hence the historian and the painter feel an innate satisfaction in transmitting to posterity the deeds of the patriot and the warrior; and "E'en from the tomb," observes the immortal poet, "the voice of Nature cries; e'en in our ashes, live their wonted fires!"

May those ashes which the hand of time has long blended with the native clay, out of which man was originally composed, address themselves, as it were, to the youthful part of my readers, and impress their minds with the important duty of filial obedience.

AN INSTANCE OF NOBLE GENEROSITY OF MIND.

A PERSON who had done Sir Matthew Hale a great injury, afterwards came to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, which he very frankly gave him, but would accept no fee for it; and when he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was—" I thank God I have learned to forget injuries."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS; or, THE NEW UNIVERSAL HISTORY; in which the origin, progress, and present condition of every nation in the world, from the creation to the present period, are faithfully exhibited. By G. Robertson, Esq. Parts I. and II. pp. 192. Price 4s. each Part. London, W. Pinnock and Co. and Law and Whittaker. 1816.

As the general diffusion of knowledge is a public benefit, and there can be no medium so proper as history, we have peculiar satisfaction in making known such well-written works as Robertson's History of all Nations; which comprise a multiplicity of books in few volumes; come within the reach of all classes of the community, the mechanic as well as the tradesman; and are adapted not only to the purchaser's pocket, by being brought into a narrow compass, and divided into one shilling numbers, or four shilling parts, but to the short intervals of time which he may have to spare for literary pursuits.

The study of history is the most pleasing and instructive: in reviewing the events of past ages, we become, as it were, actors in the scene; and, by a retrospective glance, appear to prolong the limited sphere of our existence. What can equally interest us? Those records which we have reason to believe true must be impressive; the mind is imperceptibly led from the knowledge of facts to the exercise of reason; and thus begins to acquire the power of thought and reflection. To be unacquainted with history is to be ignorant of ourselves, the evils to which we are exposed, and the vicissitudes of life. Is it not better to glean knowledge from the experience of others than from ourselves ?-to know the indications of foul weather, and be able to avoid the storm, than be obliged to endure its consequences? In this consists its utility; it expands the faculties, and supplies the want of experience; and, as it is adapted to all classes, the highest as well as the lowest may find warnings sufficient to serve as beacons to guide them in the dark voyage of life, and set them right when deviating from the course which should lead them to a safe harbour.

The plan of this history is good, the compilation well arranged, the diction unexceptionable; and, if we add the neatness of the letter-press, the appropriateness of the embellishments, and the reasonableness of the price, the whole evince the taste, liberality, and judgement of the publishers.

From the prospectus, we learn that the time and attention of the author have been occupied on this work for many years past; and, as no doubt can be entertained of its being completed in the same creditable manner as it is begun, we do not scruple to recommend it to a discerning public, not as an every day performance, "conceived without effort, and produced without deserving praise," but as entitled to a candid examination, and meriting their encouragement.

It is to be embellished with a variety of engravings, and completed in four volumes, with select maps, and an index. The parts, as they appear in succession, we shall, from time to time, take occasion to notice.

An HISTORICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, and PRACTICAL ESSAY on the Human Hair. By Alexander Rowland, jun. London, Sherwood and Co. Price 5s. boards, 1816.

The writer has taken infinite pains in this Essay on the Human Hair, dedicated to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Coburg, to explain, in a familiar and pleasing manner, the curious structure of the hair, the causes of its decay, and the method of preserving it. As there are few books of the kind, and the fair sex are particularly interested in the preservation, to the latest stage of existence, of that which adds so highly to the beauty of their personal attractions; the utility of this work, as well as the amusing contents, interspersed, must make it acceptable, and will, it is presumed, meet with the reward of an extensive sale. The book is neatly printed, the size is portable, and there is an engraving of the hair, and an ngraved title-page.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS FOR JULY, 1816.

In our last, we noticed the daring and outrageous insult offered to the British flag by the Algerines; and every arrival brings fresh accounts of their atrocities. The piratical squadron from Tunis had sunk an English merchant-brig near Maravina, and murdered the crew. A British and a Russian vessel, laden with wheat, had been found off Milo, deserted; and, from their decks being strewed with arms and ammunition, it is supposed that they had been taken by the pirates.

At Portsmouth and Plymouth, a squadron of six sail of the line, four frigates, three of the largest sloops of war, two fireships, and four bomb ketches, are fitting out, under the command of Lord Exmouth, for the Barbary coast: the ordnance is to be of the heaviest description used, and the ships will be provided with Congreve rockets. The Neapolitans are coming against them; and it is hoped that the Dutch fleet will again show their readiness to co-operate with the British.

The States of Northern Africa are tributary to the Ottoman Porte; and as we have, for more than a century, carried on an exclusive and immense trade with Turkey, particularly in scarlet cloths, and have been in alliance with them, these circumstances will account for our forbearance towards these hordes of pirates in the late and preceding wars; but our trade with Turkey has declined, and we have no longer any reason to endure the multiplied insults and injuries that these depredators have so long, and in so dastardly a manner, dared to heap upon us, because they knew they could do it with impunity.

The anniversary of the King's second entrance into Paris, has been celebrated by festivities and public demonstrations of joy. There were nearly thirty thousand men in arms.

Suchet, the terrible Tarragonian commander, and Davoust, are restored to favour and power.

Another absurd plot against the French government has been discovered. Several tradesmen had prepared balletins, stating that France was in a state of insurrection, which, with the inscription-" Death or Victory I" on a transparency, that was to have been exhibited at night, beneath the tri-coloured flag, and arms and cartridges, were found in their houses. The three leaders of the conspiracies, Pleignier, Carbonneau, and Tolleron, have been declared guilty of high treason, and condemned to have their right hands cut off, and then to suffer death. Seven others are sentenced to deportation, for having printed and circulated seditious writings; eight were condemned to solitary confinement, surveillance, under the High Police, and security in 1000 francs, for not revealing the conspiracy within twenty-four hours after they had obtained a knowledge of it; and one to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 50 francs, surveillance, and 1000 francs security for distributing a rallying sign not sanctioned by law.

The Session of Parliament closed on the 2d instant with a speech from the Prince Regent, which adverts to the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, and the intended nuptials of the Princess Mary:-it laments the continuance of pressure and distress, and trusts they will be relieved by the revival of public credit, and the reduction of the burthens of the people. It is, therefore, to be hoped, the necessity being thus publickly admitted, that retrenchment will no longer be a mere subject of discussion, but will be seriously and earnestly set about, and gradually effected, for the restoration of the public welfare. In this Session, notwithstanding the refusal of the Property Tax, the great question of the extent of our peaceestablishment, and the retaining of an immense standing army, was carried, and decreed to be kept up. To relieve the distresses of the agricultural interest, a government bounty was proposed; but, as this must be raised from the people, it was only relieving one class at the expense of the others, and found inefficient. Certain restrictions upon the importation of wool, were, upon investigation, found to be too partial, and to bear too much upon our manufacturers. The committee appointed to consider the Tythe Laws, suggested some regulations by which tythes may be leased with advantage to all parties concerned. These, and the Alien Bill, to prevent any foreign Republican, or Bonapartist conspiracies, in these realms, are the principal acts which distinguish the last Session, now prorogued to Saturday, the 24th day of August.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington landed at Dover on Sunday, the 30th June. The reasons assigned for his return are, the state of his health, and to make communications which relate to France; and it is probable that both may be true.

The Right Hon. Brinsley Sheridan, after a severe and protracted illness, expired on Sunday, the 7th inst. at noon, in the 65th year of his age; and, on Saturday, the 13th inst. his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Garrick. His funeral was attended by the Dukes of York and Sussex, several members of both Houses of Parliament, and a numerous company. Mr. S. has distinguished himself as a dramatist by The School for Scandal, The Rivals, and The Duenna; and as a statesman by his celebrated speech on the trial of Hastings, his conduct during the mutiny at the Nore, his speeches in favour of the liberty of the press, the discussion on the regency in 1789, and 1811; and on a variety of occasions he has been quoted as the most popular specimen of political consistency, intrepidity, and honour. In his private character, he was extravagant, dissipated, and debauched; and these depraved habits tended to destroy his domestic felicity, and ruin his public utility.

The official part of the Moniteur received contains two Royal Ordonnances: the one states that his Majesty has conferred the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour upon his brother, Monsieur; his nephews, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry; and his cousins, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Bourbon: the second prohibits all rewards for public services, but from the crown. The numerous arrests mentioned by the Paris Journals, prove that there still exists a great spirit of disaffection, which nothing but coercion can keep under.

It is computed that upwards of 30,000 English have emigrated; and these, probably, the most opulent: the greater part are in Paris; and 800 English residents are in Boulogne.

The Princess Mary was married to the Duke of Gloucester on Monday evening, the 22d inst. The Duke of Cambridge had the honour of giving his royal sister away.

Through the vigilance of the Lord Mayor, some nefarious practices have been discovered, which are become a daily subject of investigation. Several men, belonging to the patrole, have for some time past been employed in inveigling innocent persons, whom they have found in want of employment, some by giving these artless beings parcels to carry, paying them with counterfeit coin, conveying counterfeit pieces into their pockets, while others in league with them have watched the payment of this base coin, had the unfortunate beings apprehended, and, among others, three poor Irishmen have been drawn into the snare, tried, and convicted, on false appearances. This has been devised, that these agents of justice may, upon the conviction of the innocent persons for the supposed offence of coining, uttering, and having base coin, whom they themselves have so inveigled, obtain the bounty, or reward, allowed on such occasions by the bank. Who knows how many innocent persons may have suffered, when there can be found wretches so lost to all the feelings of humanity, that, for the sake of a trifling reward, they can be indifferent to the crimination, and all the subsequent suffering and ruin they may bring upon an innocent fellow being? Other practices are the instigating and biring men to commit burglery. and then becoming sharers in their plunder, and in the reward for their apprehension and conviction. Two or three men thus instigated to acts they would otherwise not have thought of, and informed against and apprehended by the very men who were the cause of their being so instigated, have been tried, and condemned; but not executed. Depravity of a darker dye was surely never known !- The discovery may, however, tend to a revision of laws, whose intention and use can be so much perverted, and a consideration of the propriety of holding out an inducement to false evidence.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre closed on the 28th of June, with the Jealous Wife. Sylvester Daggerwood, and the Mayor of Garrat. Mr. Rae delivered the address: in which he adverted to the success with which the ancient authors had been revived. and their strict adherence to the legitimate drama throughout the season. Certainly the management of the committee has been highly commendable, and deserves the approbation of every lover of the histrionic art. Report speaks of very considerable alterations for the ensuing season: among which that Mr. Dowton, Mr. Penley, Mr. Raymond, Mr. T. Dibden, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Mardyn, Miss Nash, Miss Boyce, Miss Tree, and various others, are dismissed from the company; and that Mrs. Dickons intends making a tour through Italy, for two or three years, in consequence of the liberal offers made to her by the Italian theatres. Mr. Rae is to be sole manager; consequently no one is to be chosen in Mr. T. Dibden's place. Other reports are in circulation. We hope the alterations will prove efficient; and most cordially wish them success through their exertions. Prince Leopold has taken a box for the ensuing season, for which he is to pay £400.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Pizarro.—German dramas have long been the topic of animadversion with English critics; on account of the general situation of their characters. There is too much palliation for vice in their catastrophes: for this reason the Stranger, and Lovers' Vows, can never be a source of pleasure to a reflecting mind. Pizarro is among the best; but even this has its faults. We do not like Elvira! A person of her endowments ought to have been firm against the wiles and arts of seductive man: it imparts a bad moral to female frailty. We noticed last month a certain line of tragedy in

which Miss O'Neill never could excel: Elvira is partly in this line, and we conceive that opinion confirmed by her performance of this character, in which, we must say, she entirely failed. A deep sympathy, a pathos that works upon our feelings by the tears of virtuous misfortune, will ever keep Miss O'Neill without a cotemporary; but heroines can never find a representative in the vernal appearance, the orient countenance of this bright star of her profession.

This house closed, July 15th, with Artaxerxes, the Sleep Walker, and Blue Beard. Mr. Fawcett delivered the core cluding address: in which he adverted to the unfavourable aspect of the times for theatricals, on the novelties and revivals which had been produced, and the success of Miss O'Neill in comedy as well as tragedy. An appeal was made for the appearance of Mrs. Siddons; it being at the request of the Princess Charlotte. A variety of ideas rushed across our mind when Mr. Fawcett stated, that, to represent the works of Shakspeare in a manner worthy his surpassing genius, was their pride and boast! Certainly they are produced in a style of grandeur never excelled; but why not promote the legitimate drama with more spirit? Why suffer such disgraceful innovations as those of Sacchi, and her troop! of Chili! of the equestrian troop! of spectacles! and other such Bartlemy Fair exhibitions? We wish they would banish such paltry trash, and emulate the conduct of their cotemporary managers. If both houses would strenuously support the legitimate dama in its pristine vigour, we have no doubt but the most beneficial results would accrue from their steady adherence. We anticipate the most pleasing prospects, and sincerely hope they may not be blighted.

HAYMARKET.

This pleasant little theatre opened on the 15th of June with the Man of the World, and Raising the Wind. The house has been repaired in a neat manner, and this is the only alteration of any importance. Mr. Terry was Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, which he sustained with his wonted

correctness: this gentleman is never out of character, he takes a wide range, and in all evinces a most refined taste and conception. A Mr. Baker made his appearance: if a tall figure, and awkward stiff gait designates the gentleman, he certainly was most happy. Mr. Foote is re-engaged; he is a very respectable performer. In Raising the Wind, Mr. Jones performed Jeremy Diddler with great vivacity.

Heir at Law.—The versatility of Mr. Colman's muse is the most entertaining of any living author: it leaps "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with a most pleasing alacrity. This comedy is one of the most pointed of his productions. His keen satire on pedantry in the character of Dr. Pangloss, is the finest lesson to conceited scholars. Lord Duberly, the chandler, is an irresistible portraiture; and his son Dick is a happy combination of honest feeling, blighted by the rays of sudden nobility. In fact, the whole play conveys a fine moral throughout, and is replete with humour and entertainment. Mr. Fawcett's Pangloss is a true picture of pedantry; it is impossible to conceive any thing more correct. Lord Duberly was personated by a Mr. Watkinson; this gentleman certainly possesses merit, but he distorted the character too much; a little town training may assist him greatly. Zekiel Homespun found an able representative in a Mr. Crisp, who acted the part with much natural feeling. Mrs. Gibbs retained Cicely Homespun. The comedy was performed with great spirit throughout.

Jealous Wife.—This inimitable comedy, which Miss O'Neill's Thalian powers have made so popular, has been revived here; we cannot say with equal success. Mr. Meggett was Mr. Oakly; this gentleman certainly possesses much merit; though not of the first rate order. His figure is too stupendous, for so we must term it, for a doting husband: he evinced much discrimination, and received great applause; but, in our opinion, it is only in such characters as Earl Osmond, or Sir Edward Mortimer, that he appears to advantage. Mrs. Glover was too termagant, if we may use the expression; we mean she fumed and bustled about to much for Mrs. Oakly: she is certainly a most pleasing actress, of very

versatile powers, but she wants temperance in this. The other characters were well supported, and the whole went off with great eclat to a very numerous audience.

ENGLISH OPERA.

Beggars Opera.—Mr. T. Short, from Dublin, made his appearance in Captain Macheath. This gentleman is possessed of a good figure, expressive countenance, and scientific voice, combining both power and melody; his action is far surpassing the ordinary style of singers, and his conception of the character is very correct.

Siege of Belgrade.—Mr. Horn, pupil of Mr. T. Welch, and late, we believe, of Drury-Lane, made his appearance as the Seraskier. From what we remember of this gentleman, he has improved astonishingly. His voice is very scientific and melodious: the song, My Heart with Love is beating, was given in a most exquisite style.

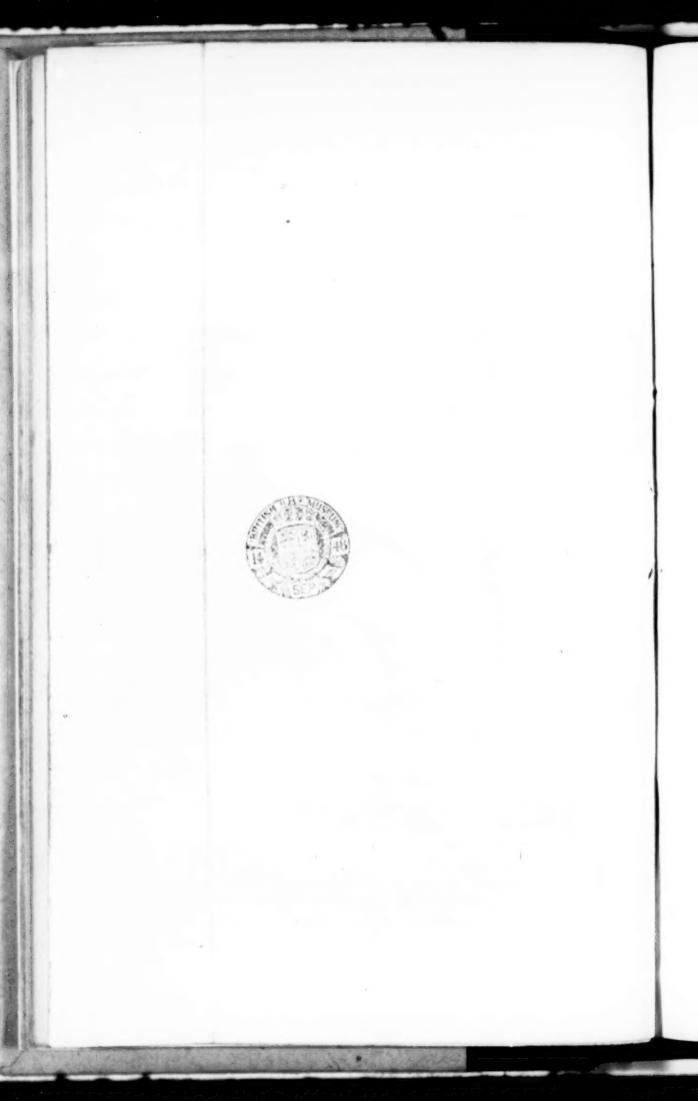
Is he Jealous?—This is the first piece introduced to the public under the designation of an Operetta, and we hope it may prove ominous to the future progeny of this newly discovered specie. We never saw a more pleasing little bagatelle. Miss Kelly, as usual, is in male attire; she certainly makes a very smart young spark, and performs charmingly. Mrs. W. S. Chatterley made her appearance with much success; her figure and features are pleasing, and her performance altogether was very spirited. It is the production of Mr. Beazley.

Artaxerxes.—This celebrated opera of Dr. Arne has been produced for the introduction of another of Mr. Welch's pupils, in the arduous but excellent character of Mandane. Miss Merry, the fair debutante, is young, of a very prepossessing appearance, fine figure, and expressive countenance; her timidity was very great during the whole performance. Her voice is distinct and harmonious, combining much feeling and science. The difficult bravura of The Soldier tired, was given with great energy. Her reception was most flattering.



Morning & Evening Costume for August 1816.

Published by Dean & Monday 35. Threadneedle Street.



THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1816.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Composed of India muslin made high in the neck, with a full and long sleeve, closed in at the hand with a wristband; a deep flounce of worked-muslin, headed with coloured riband: the skirt, though full, is not thrown so much behind as of late, which is a great improvement, as it gave our élégantes the appearance of stooping.—Striped satin spenser of celestial blue; the sleeves rather wide, the heads pulled in, richly ornamented with silk trimming; made high in the neck, with a collar and cape; the back made full, and rather short.—Saxe-Cobarg bonnet of celestial blue satin, full trimmed round the front, top and crown, with satin; ornamented with feathers.—Boots, gloves, &c. to correspond.

EVENING DRESS

Of French gauze, worn over white satin; the skirt finished with a deep-worked flounce of rich blond, which still continues the favourite ornament with our belles of fashion; the sleeve is made short and full, and profusely intermixed with blond: the bosom of the dress is worn moderately low, and trimmed with the same material, running round the neck, and finishing at the waist, round which is bound the royal brace. The quantity of rich lace round the bosom and waist gives to it an uncommonly soft and beautiful effect.—The hair is ornamented with a wreath of variegated flowers, and a jewelled comb.—Kid gloves, white satin slippers, pearl necklace, and ear-rings.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

The Promenade Dress is made of India muslin, and lace trimming, with three rather narrow falls, not distant from each other, or the bottom embroidered round in full cotton, finished with a flounce of lace; the skirt rather full; the waist formed by a band of embroidery an inch in breadth, fastened between the body and the skirt; the body is made very low all round, and falls, as usual, off the shoulders: a puffing of lace, or muslin, is carried round, and terminated in a sloping point at the bosom. The sleeve is quite plain, long, and wide, except at the wrist, which is made to the size of the arm by three gaugings, each finished with lace.—Tulle fichus,

and lace ruffs, smaller than have been seen for some time, are generally worn with these dresses. Sprigged muslin are trimmed with lace, and have no embroidery at the bottom.—Silk scarfs, like those worn by the Nobility in this country, are thrown over the left shoulder, one end fastened on the left side, and the other carelessly brought round the right arm.—Pelisses, of the prevailing colours of the month, trimmed with white satin, disposed in light puffings, or pipes like wreaths of leaves, not very broad, are equally admired.—Straw and Leghorn bonnets and hats, or tulle, or white satin and tulle hats, not decorated with such a profusion of flowers and ribands as heretofore, are now the ton: the tulle is set full, and the satin plain, but cut byas. The shape of these hats is not novel, but their lightness, and a small bouquet of flowers in season, tastefully displayed, give them a neat appearance.

The DINNER DRESS is made of India muslin and white spotted silk, trimmed with three close falls of lace, or three or four narrow bands of byas satin, distant about two inches from each other: the bodies very low; the fronts in the form of a corset; the bosom trimmed with a quilling of lace, or tulle; the sleeve, if short, is very full, and fastened to the arm by a band of India muslin; this sleeve is varied by the taste of the wearer, either by gatherings of the fullness in the front of the arm, or small bows of riband; but long plain sleeves are more generally worn.—Cornettes, of gauze, lace, or muslin, with oval crowns, not very high, but very full, confined to the size of the head by bands of byas satin—to which are prefixed a puffing of gauze, still prevail: the front trimmed with a plaiting of riband; and near the side is fixed a sprig of lilies, roses, or any flower in season, which is tied by a bow of riband of the same colour as that plaited round the bosom.

The Full Dress is nearly the same as before described in this Work; blond is the trimming used for petticoats, and the robes are made just short enough to display it.

Hats of white soft satin, with a bunch of flowers in front, or a plume of feathers, are used for full dress.—Tocques are still in fashion, and flowers, with precious stones.—The hair behind is brought forward in three rows on the top of the head, each secured by a jewelled comb; the front hair falls over the forehead in loose curls, partially concealing a wreath of roses.—Dress slippers are white spotted silk, sometimes spotted and fringed with silver. Promenade slippers are of white leather, with a rosette, or plaiting of riband.—Peach blossom, damask rose, all the light shades of green, and celestial blue, are the taste of the day.

WALL thou, my tyset aff candu.

STANZAS.

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Till only fargey's exhoes their

WHO SAT NEXT TO ME IN THE PIT OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF BERTRAM.

> THERE was a languor in thy face That lent each charm a lovelier grace; A secret something linger'd there, A deep despondency of air, That seem'd, methought, the fatal gloom Prophetic of an early tomb-And yet a spirit most resign'd,
>
> A sweet benignity of mind, Sat on thy aching brow the while, Teaching thy very woes to smile! Perhaps too long, and all too free, My anxious eyes were turn'd on thee; Perhaps too oft forsook the scene To muse upon thy pensive mien.— Oh! hadst thou known what sacred guest Was weeping then within my breast, Thou hadst not chid my bosom's mood, Nor judg'd those frequent glances rude; For while I gaz'd, thy sadness stole Infectious—to my inmost soul! The gushing tear did almost start And more than pity wrung my heart. Over hill and other over grow and della-

STANZAS.

WAKE thee, my lyre! 'tis eventide,
And we will wander down the glade
Where violets deck the green bank's side,
And poplars lend their whispering shade.
I love to watch his glories fade,
When sinks the Sun behind the hill,
And silence steals like timid maid,
'Till only fancy's echoes thrill.

Then wake thee, lyre! 'tis meet the strain
That taught erewhile thine own to flow,
Should rouse thy slumb'ring fires again
In notes responsive still to glow.
And soft as yon fair flood below,
That winds the lonely vale along
In modest murmurs hush'd, and low,
Whisper thine artless, lowly song.

Now soft the landscape steals away
In pensive twilight's shadowy gloom;
In such lone hour how sweet to stray
Along the grove's forsaken bloom!
And, ah! to ponder on the tomb—
In such lone hour—is it not sweet?
While soar our thoughts to that high home
Where kindred spirits—perhaps—may meet.

Yes—the pure sympathies of mind
That lend our loveliest pleasures here,
Shall there their bright perfection find,
Their native, still unchanging sphere.
O'tis a thought that well may cheer
The mourner on his wild'ring way,
And wipe from Sorrow's eye the tear
That dims her dark returning day.

And thus, one ev'ning hour, I dream'd—
While fast the twilight-shadows fell,
And soft the silvery moonlight stream'd
O'er hill and glen, o'er grove and dell—

Of thee, I dream'd—and then, oh! tell, Was it the music of the breeze, Or did thine harp's responsive swell Whisper its vesper hymn of peace?

SONNET.

And hark! how sweet from Thule's distant isle,
'Mid tempest's rage and billows' ceaseless roar,
Where rigid nature scarcely deigns to smile,
Yon airy strings their pensive accents pour.
For me their sweet and mournful music flows,
And well may claim this heart's responsive meed,
O! could it speak the fervency it knows,
Thy gentle lyre might not so vainly plead:
Yet, ah! the Muse forgive—who fondly woos
The fost'ring shade that yet may bless her bow'r,
Nor deem the bosom cold that can refuse
Thy gentle boon, and sympathy's soft pow'r.—
Ah! no—for oft will Memory repeat
Those gentle notes of love, to grief's fond ear most sweet.

TO MR. HATT.

Go-you may take the eye of blue;-Give me the orb of hazel hue, With love, and soft expression beaming, With tears of sympathy oft streaming:-The eye expressive of a mind, So tender, faithful, and so kind; And yet so open, and sincere, You'd know-that truth was ruling there: An eye, the messenger of Love, That in an instant can approve; Or with a single glance disown, And swifter kill than any frown. Surely such eyes were made for wooing; As much as turtles' bills for cooing. And were such diamonds made so bright, To dazzle with resplendent light? And were they made like sorcerer's charms, In spells to bind us with alarms?

Why were they form'd like sun-beams shining, Both light and heat at once combining?-Or rather, why like pointed darts, To pierce and triumph o'er our hearts, Our stubborn senses to controul, And steal their witch'ries o'er the soul?-—The temper of the sword must yield, When beauty's weapons take the field: And shiver'd is the warrior's lance, to the same Oppos'd to Love's all-powerful glance. 'Twas Helen's eye of mad desire, Set Greece in arms, and Troy on fire; Then who would dare dispute the prize, With lovely woman's heav'nly eyes?-O where's our fortitude, or all-If they but let a tear-drop fall! Drops, that can quench the fire of rage; Or melt the stoic heart of age. When the eyes sparkle with delight, We know the heart's warm pulse is light, And when again those orbs are dim, Pale Melancholy weeps within ;-Would you these various movements scan, Mark the bright eye of MARIANNE. Ah, no!-I'm sure you'd love her too; Then keep-still keep your orb of blue. LORENZO.

So tender, mithial, a

LINES

ON SEEING AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, sweet babe, and take thy rest. Calm on thy mother's snow-white breast, Who ev'ry fond endearment tries, To hush thy fears—and sooth thy sighs! If sighs or fears an infant knows, And early life is doom'd to woes. The Sun that rises soft in light, Sinks soon again in shades of night; Though like the infant-babe to rest On Thetis' smooth and tranquil breast. HATT.

THE JOYS OF LOVE AND INDUSTRY. Written by the late Miss SEWARD.

On! share my cottage, dearest maid!

Beneath a mountain wild and high,
It nestles in a silent glade,
And Wye's clear currents wander by.
Each tender care, each honest art,
Shall chase all future want from thee,
When thy sweet lips consent impart,
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the city's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen,
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor envy base, nor sullen spleen.
The shadowy rocks which circle round,
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found,
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy Sun shall peer,
And faintly gild you little spire,
When nights are long and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read—sweet songs to sing,
O! they shall drown the wind and rain;
E'en till the softer season! ving
A merry spring-tide back again.

Then hawthorns flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plumy throng;
Nor boasts the busy haunts of men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.
Thy arms the new-yean'd lamb shall shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear;
While o'er the rough and breathing field,
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove with me the sprightly joys,
That Lore and Indust y bestow.

Their jocund pow'r can banish strife, Her clouds no passing day will see, Since all the leisure hours of life, Shall still be spent in pleasing thee!

LINES ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the gay hours of unsuspecting joy,
What lovely visions Hope delights to rear,
What dreams of bliss the youthful mind employ
With doubts unclouded, undisturb'd by fear.
Stern Disappointment! how thy stroke severe
Has dash'd their fairy prospects at a blow!
How many an eye has shed the bitter tear
O'er fancied pleasure, chang'd to real woe!
How many a heart, through ill-directed pride,
Its baffled hopes disdaining to confide,
Has silently consum'd, or impiously died.

Those who Ambition's rash career pursue,
And seek the vain rewards his votaries claim,
Who scorn th' applauses of the wiser few,
And choose the giddy vulgar's loud acclaim,
The sound of titles, or the boast of fame;
Security or joy can never know,
Thy sudden stroke oft mars his cherish'd aim,
And sinks the wretch to infamy and woe.
So o'er the tyrant's head thy thunder burst,
Though long in Grandeur and in Vict'ry nurst,
Now vainly may he rage, accursing and accurst!

How oft the mind, which purest genius fires,
And feelings worthy of its flame, adorn,
Which learning polishes, and taste inspires,
Is doom'd to share neglect, contempt, and scorn;
The harsh reproaches of the proud to mourn,
The keenest anguish to a mind like thine,
Ill-fated Chatterton! unknown, forlorn,
Thy haughty spirit could not stoop to pine,
Thou could'st not brook the scornful coldness, shewn
By minds, so far inferior to thine own,
Thou could'st not bear to live, unnotic'd, and alone!

Alas! how wretched is the heart that bears
Those pangs! neglected Genius oft must prove,
How doubly wretched he, whose bosom shares
The sharper dart of unrequited love.
The festive scenes, that once his heart could move,
He passes heedless and unheeded by;
Each blooming field, each sweet and shady grove,
Appears a desert to his sick'ning eye.
Let Nature stiffen in unvarying snow,
Or Summer suns with scorching lustre glow,
Unmark'd are both by him—he feels but inward woe.

Oft reason, fairest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Has sunk beneath the woes it could not bear;
Oft the weak heart, by Disappointment riv'n,
Has flown to madness to avoid despair.
Behold you maniac, how his wild eyes glare
Towards one fixed spot, with unrecoiling view,
'Twas there he last beheld his fair one—there
He saw her lovely, and he deem'd her true;
His looks were high—uncheck'd by doubt or dread,
When burst the tempest o'er his hapless head—
Her falsehood pierc'd his heart—his shatter'd reason fled.

Along the margin of yon frozen stream
Who wanders with unequal steps and slow,
His eyes no more in sparkling pleasure beam,
But wildly glancing, speak his inward woe.
"Alas!" he cried, "my joy exists below,
No happiness awaits the sanguine mind,
Its fairest visions, like yon fields of snow,
Vanish and melt—nor leave a trace behind.
The flame of Mis'ry glows within my breast;
There will it rage, unceasing, unreprest,
No prospect of relief, no hope of earthly rest.

Now Winter triumphs o'er the closing year, And veils each prospect in congenial gloom, Ere long will milder Spring once more appear, And clothe the valleys in their wonted bloom, Their glitt'ring colours and their rich perfume. O! may no earthly Spring to me return!
O! may the rays that Summer skies illume,
Beam unreflected o'er my mould'ring urn!
Then my torn heart, in yonder distant sphere,
No more the wayward slave of love and fear,
Shall find at length that rest it sought so vainly here."
OCTAVIA.

SUPERSTITION .- A FRAGMENT.

I SEE her sit on a lone rock musing,
When the black tempest strolls along the green wave,
Pale-rob'd Melancholy charms diffusing,
As notes of the wizard break forth from yon cave.
When the foam of the surge usurps the rough strand,
And the spray wets the cliffs from afar;
When no sound is heard, save the dash on the sand,
As sweeps the fell storm the dark billows on land,
And no ray is dispell'd from a star—
Oh! then she looks at the beacon that beams,
From the warden's keep, or the lone watch tow'r,
And starts at the sight, and shrinks at the screams,
She heard the last night at the deathful hour.

Shrouded in mists she sees advance
The fatal spirit of the storm,
And gives a long look, and a sidelong glance,
As slow moves the murky form.
Forth from the maiden bursts a groan,
She closes her eyes, and on the huge stone,
With her hands o'er her face, she lays all alone,
Till the mournful knell resounds on her ear,
O now she—

LORENZO.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several poems from Mr. Hatt, and contributions from other correspondents, are postponed for favours that have lain by some time, and of which, we fear, their authors will think we have been too neglectful.

We have no objection to the Attributes of Man, but wish to see the en-

tire Essay before we determine upon its insertion.

From unforeseen delay and disappointment, it will not be in our power to present our readers with the Original Music, intended for this Number, till next month.

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Pub. Sept 181816 by Dean & Munday 36 Threadneedle Street.